

GETTING IN OFFICE

By ELISA ARMSTRONG.

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frightened maids fled down to the room whence the sound came they found John Leroy's faithful wife lying across his body, his hands clasped over her face, and his high, white hair falling over her forehead. Ten minutes later a carriage came up the drive, and Alice Leroy, in her ball dress and with her lover's good night kiss on her lips, came into the room, humming a waltz tune under her breath.

There lay her idolized father, dead, and her blood, which she had dabbled with his blood, bending over him in a vain attempt to restore him. What happened after that Alice never knew. When she came to

herself she was in her own room, with frightened faces bending over her, and the cold gray dawn streaming into the room she had left for the ball last night.

The next day Alice in the long black draperies which made her look so tall and pale, came into the sitting-room to meet the lover who had failed her in her sorrow. The level sunshine filled the room, the bay window was full of Mrs. Leroy's potted

plants. To her dying day Alice Leroy will blame the smell of heliotrope because the air was heavy with it.

Slowly Alice came across the room to where he stood twisting his hat, a red stain on his handsome young face; he took her hand with a constrained greeting, and they sat down side by side on the sofa in the alcove where the dead man had been seated.

"I didn't come to see you sooner, because I—I did not think you would care to see any one. I have come now to bid you goodbye. I—that is, they all want me to go abroad."

"Well, you know my mother has never quite approved of my—of our engagement and she thinks in a year or two I shall know my own mind better."

"You know I have always wanted to go some time or other. Hang it all, Alice, you know I'm awfully fond of you, and I pity you sincerely and, all that. I wish you well indeed I do, but—"

"And I wish you 'bon voyage,'" said Alice

cold and pale. "Here is your ring. You remember Ophelia in the play last week? 'Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.' Oh! Geoff, Geoff! did I ever think you would give me up." Then she rose and touched the bell, quite calm again. "I beg your pardon, I forgot that I am no longer Alice the heiress, but Alice the pauper."

pleasant voyage—Mary," to the maid who entered, "Show Mr. Allen to the door, and then take away this heliotrope, the odor is too strong for me."

In December, when Alice Leroy got about again after her severe illness, people said that she had lost her beauty, her lovely color was gone, her eyes were sunken deep in her head, and her golden hair was short

The next day she and her mother had a long talk. They knew that everything was gone, and that in a few weeks the home

"There is your music; you might teach—"

"What don't you know myself; no, dear, I'm too honest for that. I might sing in public; they tell me my voice is good enough, but you know I always break down when I try, the fright seems to choke me."

"Your painting—" a little doubtfully.

"Cat tails and daisies; no, again, darling. Try painting a stonemason. Use a thought."

"And only a few months ago your father got in that little Mrs. Fisher, who proved to be so fast, and Miss Newton, who was so

incompetent that nothing but her beauty kept her in. Why, Alice, she couldn't even spell.

And there was Hebe Smith, our old landlady's dress' son, and poor Colonel Tallett. Yes, in is the refuge for the destitute, but I must go, too. Surely dear papa's daughter need not ask in vain.

So I left her to Washington and spent

New Year's day, the day on which she and her mother had planned to receive, in hunting a boarding-house; the city was in its gala-day attire, and she now saw for the first time the outside of its festivities. Carriages, sometimes containing men she knew, flashed by her. There was curly-headed Tom Carter, who was so ashamed of

being in none of the departments; Dick Bethel, who was so awfully English, and Harry Benton, who proposed to a fresh helress each season. "It was me, too, not three seasons ago," thought Alice, as she saw him, "how glad he must be now that he didn't get me. The next winter it was Minnie Boyd from Nevada, and last year

A few people recognized her, but only one or two stopped to speak to her. It was no longer a nine days' wonder that poor John Leroy was dead, and people only occasionally wondered what his wife and daughter would do, since he left them nothing. But condolences had been duly written or tele-

Alice was going back to her hotel at dusk after having found a boarding-house in West Washington, when she met old Colonel Tallett, a soldierly figure in his shabby coat with its empty sleeve.

"Why are you out so late alone?"

"I am here alone, colonel," said Alice bravely as the lump in her throat would let her. "I have come to get in office."

"Child, you may as well go home. It is no use here."

"But it is use," she persisted. "I know all our representatives and senators; they can

"Not refuse to help poor papa's daughter."
"Oh! my child, how little you know; they will all promise, and perhaps some of them will try. But the ranks are full, and men and women are waiting for each vacancy. You know the old saying: 'Few die and none resign.'" For answer Alice burst into tears.
"Oh! colonel don't discourage me. It is

"Well, well, perhaps I'm wrong. I only wish I could help you, poor child—for it's hard work."

to see some of her father's old friends, men whom she knew to be under obligations to him, and told her story. One and all assured her she must see her own senators and representatives. "I'm on the wrong side, said one powerful man. "My influence would do you more harm than good." Another advised her to pay some one a per cent. of her salary to get her in, some said it was

use to try, others cheerfully assured her that she only need ask through her own representatives to get what she wanted. "Once, but no one offered to help her. "papa forgotten already?" she said to herself as she went home. The next day she took courage and went to see her senior senator. She could not make up her mind to go to

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